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WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON BIOGRAPHY.

The great actions of men which we find recorded in History, make us anxious for a greater knowledge of the performers of them. We in vain look through the pages of the historian for any thing more than the record of their public actions and public virtues. It is the part of Biography, to inform us of the characters of men in a private as well as public capacity. Their private benevolence, justice, and charity, are below the dignity of a Historian, but proper subjects for the pen of a Biographer, as the latter is the recorder of the actions of an individual, and the former gives us the actions of men collected into nations. As I have before observed, men are influenced more by example than precept, and as by far the greatest part of mankind is destined to move in a private sphere, examples of private, are even more useful than those of public virtues.

There is no private virtue, but every one may possess, while heroic courage in the soldier, and justice, penetration, and policy in the statesman, are qualities which but a small portion of mankind can acquire. They depend on great talents, the gift of nature, aided by the highest cultivation which education can give.

Biography, as men write it now, is very little to be depended on, as it is rather panegyric, than real history. Every eminent European has his Biographer; but any one who expects to form a true estimate of characters from these writings will find himself very much deceived, as every life is written either by a friend or an enemy; and according as one or the other is the case, the subject is either a god or a devil. National pride, party spirit, and love or hatred to the character, are so many obstacles to its being displayed in a true point of view, and these obstacles are almost insurmountable. Few or none can rid themselves so of prejudice, as to judge of recent actions with impartiality. It is only posterity can form a true estimate, and of course, write a just account of them. But many characteristic traits can only be known to cotemporaries, so that difficulties are found on every side. Enough however could be done to give us a tolerably correct idea of the human character.

It is, I think, to be wondered at, that no modern has followed the example of Plutarch in writing Biography. It would be worth the attention of any man to contemplate opposite characters of different nations and ages. The two rival powers of France and England would furnish many curious and entertaining examples, and it would be instructive if a comparison were drawn between them, by a foreigner impartial towards both. Should an Englishman write it, characters of very little note, of that nation, would by far exceed the greatest characters in France; and were a Frenchman the author, the exploits of a corporal in the French army would eclipse all the actions of Marlborough, and the captain of a French privateer would excel the most

famous British admirals. It would not be so much the case, were a parallel drawn between characters of either of those nations and any other nation; but the rivalry and hatred is so strong between these two, that they seem mutually disposed to deny all merit to each other. The British, to shew their superiority in courage, instead of confining themselves to their proper element, the ocean, go back eight or nine centuries, and boast of Cressy and Agincourt; and the French remember their victories at sea, in the time of Louis XIV. and despise the British.

It must be confessed, however, that the British are more inclined to deny merit to their rivals, than the latter are to them, and they make no scruple in calling themselves, the first nation on earth in every respect. If there happened to be a few Englishmen in the army of any great general, they immediately attribute his success to British courage. Thus, Russell in his Modern Europe, speaking of the famous Swedish monarch Gustavus Adolphus, and of the Scottish and British adventurers in his army, says that the victories even of this great monarch may be partly attributed to British valour. And indeed, they may in proportion to their number and rank in the army, and no more.

But however this may be, as those two nations are by far the most eminent of any in Europe, and have produced more exalted characters, an impatial parallel drawn between them, would enable us to form a more correct estimate of their characters, and to perceive the difference between them.

BARCA.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

MR. POOL,

For the information of several, who have anxiously solicited an answer to a question frequently put to me, viz. "*Why don't you get married?*" I have thought it advisable publicly to state to them my reasons. And

1st. One great and important reason is, I do not feel sufficiently independent in circumstances to take upon myself the responsibility of a family.

2d. Because I don't know of any one who, in every particular, suits me; and to marry merely to take off the name, or, as some young ladies term it, curse of *old bachelor*, I have no notion. And as the proverb says, *it is never too late to do good*, there is time enough yet.

3d, Because marriage is too much like a lottery, (more than two blanks to a prize) that a person ought not to approach the altar of Hymen without first being able, in case he should draw a blank, to bear the loss, without ruining his stock.

4th. Because marrying is fashionable, it is no reason that every one who can, should run and get married, even should a girl make the first advances.

Now, if any one will undertake to remove these obstacles, or prove them not of sufficient weight to deter me from entering the connubial state, I will readily emerge from a state of celibacy, and join heart and hand with the first that appears deserving of love and esteem—

——————"*And help to celebrate*
"*The pleasures of the marriage state.*"

TIM. CONSIDERATION.

LITERARY AMUSEMENT.

LOVE AND HUMILITY.

A ROMAN ROMANCE.

[*Concluded.*]

I sought to delight him by those tender artifices, which recalled to him the memory of his natal soil. Often he had viewed with rapture, on the winding banks of the Eurotas, the virgins confining their loose drapery, and rejecting their veiling peplos, in their courses, and their games, and their

dances: half their impatient bosom peered above their vests, and their naked knee, and their gracile legs, glided with easy grace. I assembled my companions, and taught them the Grecian dance of Ariadne, or the Labyrinth. I, holding a garland, was their leader, while the large circle, hand in hand, moved slowly around me; then, more animated, they would coil about me, pressing each against the other; I waved my garland, I eluded their grasping hands, I extricated myself by artful feints, and winding through them, I escaped, and triumphed. Then I yielded my place to the next; and thus all had the same garland, but all had not the same glory. At another time it was a rural dance. I represented Flora, and my hair was starred with roses. I often bade the dance cease, to chaunt the tender hymn of spring: and then each maiden would take a rose from my hair, and when all my roses were despoiled, my hymn closed. But Aciloe was not delighted by our dances. On the banks of my own Eurotas, he said, they inflamed my soul; but a Grecian dance in Rome only provokes my indignation.

And yet there was a little spot we had discovered, which he cherished: it circled the Palatine hills. After our toiling day, delicious was each evening hour, as wandering there, we saw the flocks obey the call of the shepherd's doric reed. Up the sides of one of those hills climbed the pendant vineyards; long an expansive lake winded green walks, fringed with the arbutus and the myrtle; while, still lower, were the olive grounds, whose gloomy umbrage the setting sun warmed with its roseate hue: above us were groves of pine and silver firs. Here often Aciloe turned away from haughty and imperial Rome, its temples, its amphitheatres, its xysti, and its forums. He turned away, and some natural tears fell as he gazed on the cherished spot. The cherished spot! it was a Grecian scenery, the very semblance of one where he was born. How grateful in a foreign country, he exclaimed, to find a home scene! Rome has not deprived us of *all* our Greece; at least, it yields one spot, which brings me back to the lost earth, where I was cradled!

With hope almost extinct in my bosom, I could no more labour, and my master bade me retire to die. Aciloe often stole to my sick couch; he wept beside me; and the prince tended a slave. How often I thought I viewed the infernal bark on the borders of the Styx; as often would the dulcet voice of Aciloe recal me to existence:—how vital the breath of him we love! If I were extinct, and my lover breathed on my lips, I have often thought it would revive my inanimate corpse.

It was thou, said Aciloe, when death was terrible, for the iron of slavery then first rankled in my indignant soul; it was thou who gently stolest away the thorns of a sick pillow. Thus given, life had its value, though its price was slavery. What is the viewless canker in thy heart? Thy malady is not that of Nature, but that of Passion; for thou hast ever been happy; Thou hast never known freedom, and slavery for thee has no pains. It was something sudden that marred thy harmonious nerves, and broke the joy of thy smooth cheek. When I recovered, it was then thou didst lose thy health. Surely the infection of another's grief is not fatal! By Hercules, I will not accept the existence purchased by thy death! Live then, live! it is thy prince who bids thee live!

As Aciloe spoke, my heart opened, elate with hope; I seemed to listen to the voice of Love. But the awful words—It is thy prince, clouded my spirit:

and when I turned to Aciloe there was a dignity, even in his tenderness, that seemed for ever to tell me, I was not his equal.

Yet, thus to have interested my prince, thus to be tended by his hand, gave me a new existence. I was now permitted to wander at will.

It was the third of the Ides that the feast in honour of THE GHOSTS, the *feralia*, was held. Every one hastened to bring some little offering to the memory of their friends. Aciloe and I walked together to the obscure sepulchre of his father Perseus, who had then lately died. He stood beside the grave; he looked towards heaven: he knelt and kissed the earth; then, clipping some of his silken tresses, he deposited them on the cold tomb. I could not help touching them. Touch them not, I pray thee! (he cried,) they are sacred to the dead: the manes of our friends are not solicitous of what we present them, it is sufficient if by us they are remembered: nor avarice, nor vanity are beyond the Styx! I stood near him.—And how is it, said he, that thou dost not bring thine offering?—Alas! I replied, I never knew a parent; I never had a friend! and when I die, no one will soothe my departed spirit, even with the last gift we present the dead.—Thou errest, replied Aciloe, for had I survived thee, I should never have forgotten thou wert my dearest friend. How sweet were those wondrous words! What if he is not my lover (I thought) is he not the semblance? Is he not my friend?

But what is friendship, when we ask for love? 'Tis like the fragrance of remote flowers, that faintly touches the senses; or like the beam of the chaste moon, that gives light, but yeilds not warmth. Still, still I pined: sometimes, to embolden me to tell my love, I thought that a passion for a servant had not made even heroes blush! the superb Achilles was enamoured of his beauteous Briseis; and the regal Agamemnon preferred, to Clytemnestra, the more tender Chryseis. How often has the pang of ungratified love made my brain frantic! Then would I hasten to Aciloe, resolved to tell my love, and willing to die: but while my bosom rose and panted in his absence, when I approached him it sunk with timidity; it was chilled with awe. I shivered; I wept; I was silent.

It was now the ambrosial season of the FLORALIA, the festal day of Flora. All invites us then to prefume ourselves with essence, to twine our temples with branches of myrtle, and to wander, gathering the Year's virgin flowers; the more cherished children of her first birth. The *Circensian shows* were now proclaimed. That day some hastened to the *Naumchia*, to gaze on naval combats; some to the *Pentathlum*, to view the Athletæ, or wrestlers; some to the *chariot races*; and some to the *Pyrrhic dances*. Rome was happy; our house was a solitude; the very streets were silent. Aciloe and myself remained together.

That day I had studiously adorned myself: my drapery flowed loose, my arms and my knees did not conceal themselves, and my tresses were arranged with a nicer art than became a slave. It was perhaps in honour of the goddess; and yet I thought of Aciloe as I corrected my dress before my mirror. We sat beneath an almond-tree, whose silvery flowers dropped their fodour: we were supping, and Aciloe took off his sandals to recline on his couch.

This evening, said he, the world will at least forget us, and let us forget the world! Thou hast done well to braid along the streaming tresses those

sweet violets and that tender lilac.—I sighed, for I thought to myself that I was but a victim crowned with flowers. My bosom palpitated so warmly, that I turned aside in disorder; but perhaps my eyes expressed what my tongue refused. I stole a side glance at Aciloe, and I joyed to behold an eye sparkling with the tenderest fire.

He addressed me by name.—Leucothoe, wilt thou never confide the secret of thy modest soul? Thou knowest the gods have not given to Aciloe the marble heart of a tyrant, but the waxen heart of a slave. Leucothoe, thou takest no food! thou speakest not! Nay, turn not away that sweet confusion on thy cheek. Is my attachment, then, nothing? Mysterious girl! live, if thou wouldst have Aciloe live; and smile, if thou wouldst have him happy!

In leaning accross the table, his lips almost touched my face; his tones so tender and so tremulous, deliciously whispered in my ear, and his warm breath past over my cheek. I trembled with unknown sensations: my respiration was suspended; a faintness crept over my limbs; a dimness suffused my eyes; a tremulous noise wandered in my ears. I felt that I must die, or must speak.

I complained of the odours of the almond tree, but I could not finish the feigned murmur; I sought to rise but my limbs were without motion.

I turned to Aciloe. My voice died on my quivering lips; a gush of delicious tears restored me.—Aciloe; and wouldst thou know my secret misery? 'Tis Love consumes me! ambitious Love, that lives on hopeless, and cannot die!

When I finished these hurried words, I hid my face in my bosom. Aciloe heard, Aciloe understood: his lips breathed on my lips, and my trembling bosom rose to meet his bosom. Celestial felicity! O, Love! thou art even the happiness of the gods! Aciloe loved, and never from that hour Aciloe forsook me. Yes, my prince was the slave of his slave! Delicious memory of LOVE! it charms even my old age, and gives to my hoary and snowy head what is dearer than the roses of spring—THE REMEMBRANCE OF GOLDEN HOURS!

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

FROM CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

I recollect a pretty Story, which, in the Talmud or Gemara, some Rabbin has attributed to Solomon.

The power of this Monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. A private Scholar in general, passes his life in obscurity; and posterity—a solitary consolation—spreads his name to the most distant regions. But when a king is a student, the case is reversed. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendor of his reputation, or, more probably, urged by the insatiable curiosity of the female, visited this poetical King at his own court, with the sole intention of *asking him questions*. The Rabbin cannot inform me, if her examination of the Monarch was always made in the chamber of audience; there is reason to suspect that they frequently retired, for the solution of many a hard problem, to the philosophic solitude of a private cabinet. But I do not intend by any means to make this work (as my Lord Lyttleton answered to a curious female concerning his History) 'a vehicle for antiquated scandal.'

It is sufficient, that the incident I now relate passed as Solomon sat surrounded by his court. At the foot of the throne stood the inquisitive Sheba;

in each hand, she held a wreath of flowers; the one, composed of natural, the other, of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues, and the variegated beauties of Nature; so that, at the distance it was held by the Queen for the inspection of the King, it was deemed impossible for him to decide—as her question imported—which wreath was the natural, and which the artificial. The sagacious Solomon seemed posed; yet, to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David—he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions 'from the cedar to the hyssop,' to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of papers and glazed paintings! The honor of the Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the King; and, it must be confessed, worthy of the Natural Philosopher. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The decision was not then difficult; the learned Rabbins shook their beards in rapture, and the baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical Tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the Bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitable the colours may be laid on. This, applied to the *Ladies*, would give it pungency.

POETRY.

The following lines were communicated by a friend, who remarked, that he believed they had never been published.

VERSES ON PROVERBS,

31*st Chap. beginning at the* 10*th v.*

Attend, ye fair, who wish to prove
The richest joys of wedded love,
To Israel's wisest king;
And let the fairest sex prepare
To hear the wisest lips declare,
The bliss which virtues bring.

By his prophetic parent taught,
The royal bard with wisdom fraught,
Pour'd forth the golden strain;
While Judah's virgins on him hung,
To catch the accents of his tongue,
And hear their prince exclaim,—

Who can a virtuous woman find,
Whose beauties sparkle in her mind,
In modest glory bright?
Not rubies flaming from the mine,
Are priz'd so high, so brightly shine,
To please the raptur'd sight.

Her husband's heart shall on her rest,
Her presence makes him truly blest;
She bids his fortune smile;
He need not in the blood stain'd field
The fierce banditti's sword e'er yield,
To gain the dangerous spoil.

Thro' all his prosp'rous joyous days,
Her virtues shall command his praise;
And tho' to blame inclin'd,
No action of her blameless life
Shall stain her conduct as a wife,
To vex her husband's mind.

She brings the fleecy treasure home,
And plies the distaff and the loom;
By labor gains her health;
Like some rich ship, the merchant's pride,
Which labors thro' the distant tide,
She brings her husband wealth.

While night repels the grey-eyed dawn,
Before light ushers in the morn,
Dull slumber she forsakes,
To feed her busy menial train,
Prepares for them the kneaded grain,
In wholesome household cakes.

The sluggard's farm no incense yields,
She buys his long neglected fields,
And tills the barren ground;
Where grew the bramble & the thorn
She bids the grass the fields adorn,
And plenteous crops abound.

Strength nerves her limbs, with active grace,
Health blushes on her ruddy face,
Her taper burns by night;
Thro' night's long hours to labor prone

She views the works her hands have done,
Rejoicing at the sight.

She whirls the spindle with her hand,
The distaff she can well command,
To raise her husband's store;
But when she hears the needy cry,
Her hand affords a quick supply
To bless the starving poor.

She dreads not winter's driving snow,
Not all the stormy winds that blow,
Her household train can harm;
Her wardrobe clothes can well supply,
Stain'd with the scarlet's vivid dye,
To keep her menials warm.

Rich tapestry bedecks her limbs,
Thro' which the golden foilage climbs
To deck her graceful form;
Her robes of silk in splendor shine
Like sparkling juice of purple vine,
The brilliant fair adorn.

Among the honor'd and the great
Her husband takes a lordly seat,
On bench of judgment rais'd;
Midst reverend elders he is found,
With honor he is always crown'd,
And always known and prais'd.

She shall rejoice in time to come,
Honor and strength her robes become,
And when she deigns to speak,
Grave wisdom from her lips shall fall,
The law of kindness, free from gall,
Her tongue shall still repeat.

With prudent foresight she inspects
Her household's ways and oft corrects
With gentleness and sense;
Her children rise and bless her name,
Her husband shall her worth proclaim
And sound her excellence.

Vain is the hope which favor brings,
From beauty no true honor springs,
But piety endures;
Tho' Israel's daughters all exceed,
Yet yours is glory's brightest mead,
And excellency yours.

Give her the fruit her hands have won,
In crowded gates her name alone
In triumph shall be sung,
Where'er her noble works are found
There shall her envied praise resound
From every ravish'd tongue.

ROSY HANNAH.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

A Spring o'erhung with many a flower,
The grey sand dancing on its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head:
A rosy Lass approach'd my view,
I caught her blue eye's modest beam;
The stranger nodded, 'How d'ye do?'
And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water, heedless pass'd away;
With me her glowing image stay'd;
I strove from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Thro' downy moss the wild-thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flow'rs tho' sweet,
Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where thedark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her cloudy train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

HUMOUR.

A Military gentleman, lately invited much company to dine with him. His son, six years old, came to the table, but was repulsed and told, "that his beard was too short to dine with his father." The mother, as mortified as the son, made up a little side table for him, and ordered that he should be well attended. A large cat, however, repeatedly tried to take away his victuals; on which the child out of all patience, exclaimed, "Go and eat with my papa—you have a beard long enough."

The celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was soon awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech your Grace, (said Malherbe) to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well here."

In the year 1796, a Dutchman of profound ignoranee, but consummate vanity, and very penurious, had for a long time been in want of something with which to make underclothes; brown Holland waistcoat and breeches was his usual wear in the summer. On looking over the news-paper he luckily cast his eyes upon the words *Brown Stout for sale.* "Och mine Got in himmel, das is de sthuff for mine breeches, it is bettern as eberlasting." Off the wise-acre goes to town, and at the store enquires for Brown Stout. "We don't sell less than a cask, but you may have a hogshead if you want it," answered the merchant. "Cask! hogshead! sare I want some Brown Stout to make mine breeches." "Breeches, sir! make breeches of Brown Stout! of Hibbert's Brown Stout sir! why Brown Stout is to drink sir, not to wear! It is the Latin for bread and cheese, and a synonime to beef-steaks, it is excellent for the inside of the body, but does not answer so well for the out." All astonishment, Mynheer licked his lips at the mention of such savoury dainties, but knitted his brows, and drew his forehead into wrinkles, at the insult which he supposed the merchant had offered him, in insisting upon Brown Stout not being fit to make breeches. He left the store in dudgeon, to seek elsewhere for *Brown Stout Breeches.*

MARRIAGES.

In Munich, Jan. 14, His Royal Highness Prince Eugene Napoleon, stepson to the Emperor Napoleon, and Viceroy of Italy, to the Princess Augusta, daughter of the King (late Elector) of Bavaria.

In this town, Mr. Joseph Smith, to Miss Betsey Smith.

DEATHS.

In Great-Britain, the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, aged 47, Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, &c. &c. &c.; second son of the illustrious William Earl of Chatham.

In India, the Most Noble Marquis Cornwallis, Gov. Gen. of Bengal, Constable of the Tower of London, Lord Lieutenant and Iustos Rotulorum of the Tower Division, and a General in the army, aged about 60.

In Russia, Count Woronzow, the Russian Imperial Chancellor.—He had been distinguished for his diplomatic talents.

In Gloucester, Mr. Joseph Kilham, aged 101. In Reading, Mr. William Prentiss, aged 20, 6th son of the late Rev. Caleb P. In Boston, Mr. John Fleet, printer, aged 71.

At Bordeaux, (France) on Christmas eve, Col. Joshua Orne, of Marblehead, an old officer in the revolutionary army.

In this town, Mrs. Elizabeth Crowninshield, wife of Capt. Clifford C. and daughter of the Rev. N. Fisher, Rector of St. Peter's Church, aged 20.—Gentle and affectionate in her temper; elegant and refined in her mind; modest and engaging in her manners; she was the solace of her friends, and the unobtruse possessor of the public esteem.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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